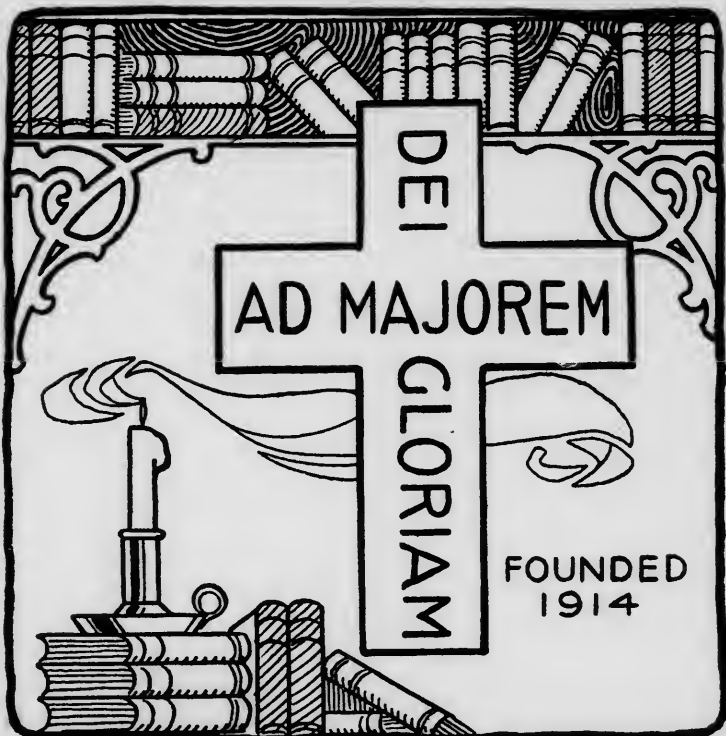


MEMOIR
OF
MRS. W. BARNETT.

METHODISM IN AMBLESIDE.

BW73
• A5H6

School of Theology



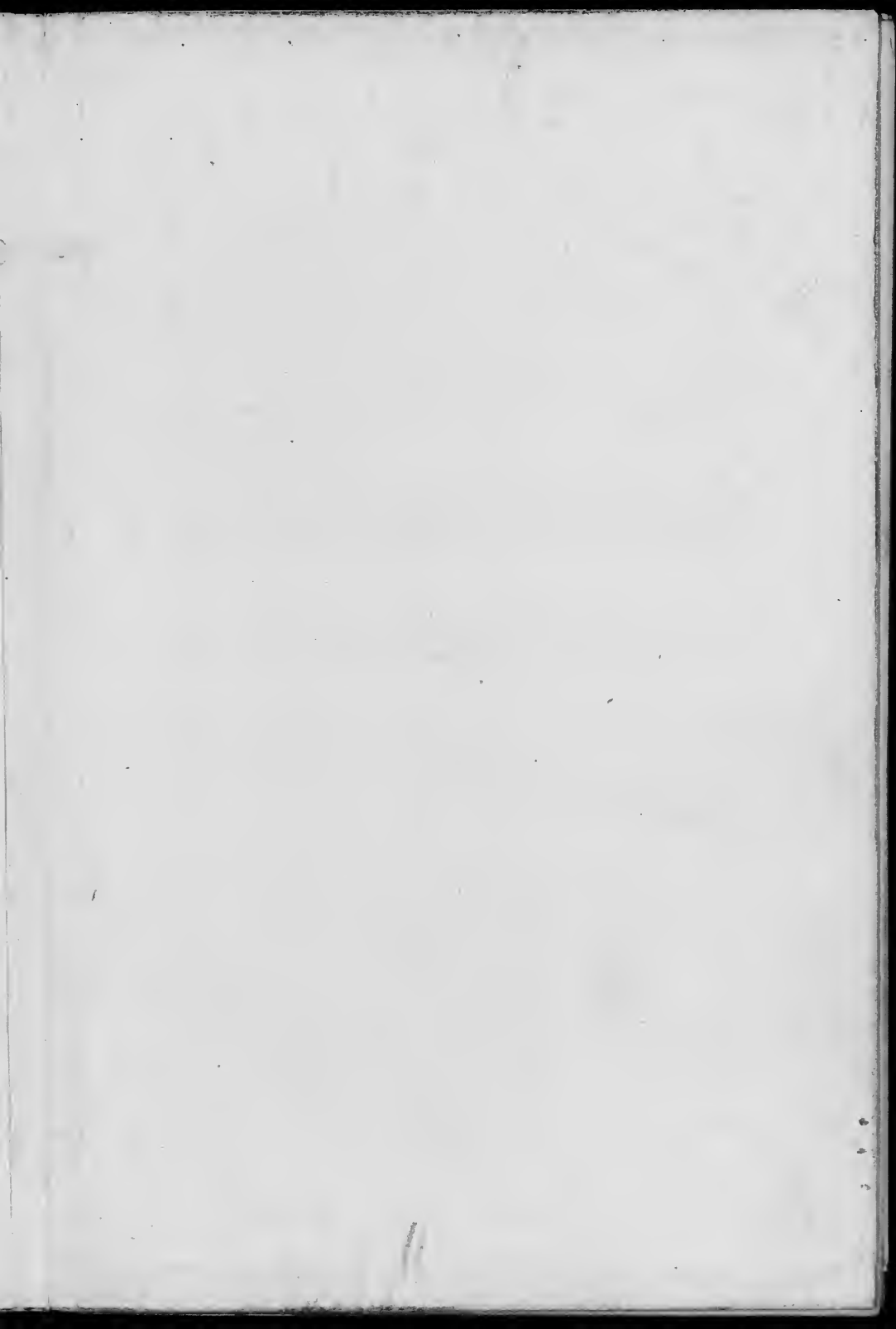
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FAITH TRIUMPHANT:

BEING A BRIEF

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. W. BARNETT,

(FANNY HOLMES,)

LATE OF FARNWORTH—BY HER BROTHER

MYLES HOLMES.

“For to me to live is Christ: and to die is gain.”



FARNWORTH:

A. CROSSLEY, PRINTER, &C., ELLESMERE STREET,
1873.

BW73

A5#6

PREFACE.

This little book, which is of humble pretensions, is sent forth to the world with the earnest desire to do good.

We have endeavoured to present to the reader as faithful an account as possible.

We acknowledge that she was not without failings, but by grace divine these were brought into subjection.

My thanks are due to the many kind friends who have supplied me with information and placed their letters at my disposal.

Owing to the present high price of labour and material, we have been compelled to alter the price; but we hope that will not hinder the sale, as it is got up in a superior style to what was at first intended.

May the God of all grace give his blessing.

M. H.

July, 1873.

Ellesmere-street, Farnworth.



In presenting a memorial of one who was most dearly loved, there is danger lest affection should make the writer blind to faults, and cause him to indulge in excessive eulogy. To eulogise is not our intention, but to present to the reader a true account of one of whom it may be said "she feared God above many."

The object of my writing is to magnify the power of grace and truth; to instruct and stimulate those who may read, and those who may listen, to the attainment and practice of holiness; so that they may glorify the giver of all good. To embalm the memory of the sainted dead by recording their virtues, is a pleasing duty which cannot be faithfully performed without profit to the living. By pursuing these delineations of character, survivors have been led to admire and imitate the excellencies which rendered the departed worthy of a memorial, and to glorify God in them.

It is hoped that these ends may be answered by the following sketch.

FANNY BARNETT, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of John and Prudence Holmes, of Ambleside, Westmorland, at which place she was born, on the 19th of November, 1840. She was the sixth of a family of eleven children. Her parents, though poor, were respectable, and had to work hard to provide for the increasing wants of their large family; and her father, being some-

what delicate in health, would have made their circumstances much worse if it had not been for her mother's good management and care. They were persons of good moral character, but made no profession of religion; they were, however, most anxious that their children should be brought up aright, and any delinquencies on their part were sure to be met with severe punishment; but at the time of which we write, it might most truly have been said of Ambleside that darkness covered the earth, but gross darkness the minds of the people, for vital godliness and experimental religion were almost unknown in the place; even the clergyman of the Parish was, to use a familiar expression, "as blind as a bat," a blind leader of the blind. He would converse with part of his congregation about their worldly business before entering the church to conduct the service, and the late celebrated Poet *Hartley Collieridge* has been heard to say to him, "come Mr. D—— give us lillies of the valley and then we shall soon be out." The service being short, and the sermon especially so, of course they were soon out, and then the clerk or someone else would mount a tombstone and read a sale bill, to which the congregation would give more earnest heed than they had done to the sermon. Attending every funeral and baptism they were invited to, and keeping out of debt, where what might be termed the peoples only Articles of Faith at that time; and many, even in the writer's recollection, who have been asked on their death-bed, on what their hope of heaven rested, have said that they had performed these duties, and they thought they were as good as any one, and as sure of Heaven. What a dreadful delusion!

The subject of this memoir, then, it will be

seen, was not in her earliest years surrounded with those religious influences which the young people of to-day are favoured with. The day and Sunday schools were under the entire control of the church, and were fully in keeping with the general loose character of all connected with the church at that time. Conversion was never mentioned, a change of heart was not needed in their estimation, and forgiveness of sins, a strange doctrine to them, though every Sabbath it was sounded in their ears whilst repeating the Apostles' Creed. A change for the better has, however, we are glad to say, been brought about since then; especially during the last few years, which has mainly been owing to the labours and preaching of an evangelical clergyman.

Fanny's parents were, however, very particular considering the light they had, in trying to instil into the minds of their children a love for truth and all the other moral qualities. From their infancy they were taught a form of prayer which was never allowed to be neglected, and those still favourite lines of the immortal *Wesley*

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity;
 Suffer me to come to thee.
 Fain I would to thee be brought,
 Lamb of God forbid it not;
 In the kingdom of thy grace
 Give a little child a place.

always formed the closing part of their morning and evening devotions.

Her mother, especially, was of a religious turn of mind, and if she had been instructed in the good and right way would have been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ sooner than what she was; and

like few others then, she was no bigot, for she frequently went to hear Mr. Coombs preach in his room at Belle Vue (a gentleman referred to in the Sketch of Methodism in Ambleside) and her husband offered no opposition, though at that time, this was thought a bold step, for very few of the inhabitants had countenanced him as yet, as any preacher not connected with the Established Church was looked upon with suspicion.

As a child, Fanny was of a quiet reserved disposition, not so lively as her brothers and sisters, but she was kind to them, and obedient to her parents. She was sent to the infants school, and from there to the national school, for older children, both of which belonged to the Church, and also to the same on Sunday. She gave her mind to the acquirement of knowledge, and would, doubtless, have excelled had she been permitted to remain at school. While there, she was chosen as a pupil teacher and acted as such for some months, and this would, no doubt, have been her work if she had remained at Ambleside, and we think she would have made a very acceptable teacher, as everything she took in hand she was determined to succeed in, and, when she was grown up to womanhood, this spirit was manifest to all who knew her. Just before she left home, a circumstance occurred which, though she was so young, pained her much at the time. She had a younger sister, who was very delicate, and was very fond of going to the Sunday School. Fanny was accustomed to take her along with her, when, as they were entering the school, as usual, on one occasion she was told that she must take her home as they did not keep a nursery there. This in itself is not worth mentioning, but it was the means, eventually, of all the children going to the Methodist Sunday

School, which was then just commenced. The teachers of the Methodist Sunday School had expressed their willingness to take children, however small, so the two youngest were sent there and her mother thought it was scarcely fair to send the older ones to where they would not be troubled with the little ones. So in time they all became scholars in the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, a change to which the father raised no objection, and one which the writer will have reason to bless God for throughout eternity.

At the age of 13 Fanny left Ambleside, and went to reside with an aunt at Farnworth, near Bolton-le-Moors. This would be a very great change to her as she knew nothing of town life, Ambleside being then a very quiet place, the surrounding scenery not being so noted as it has now become, and the visitors being comparatively few to the multitudes that frequent the place now, in the summer months, to enjoy its lovely scenery. Ambleside has been truly called the metropolis of the lake district. Farnworth being a small but thriving place (not being half the size it now is) in the midst of the manufacturing districts, it contrasted very strangely to her young mind with the home of her childhood; and she has said on referring to the time, that it was very different living at Farnworth to Ambleside. In the family circle there would also be a great difference. Her uncle and aunt were both active members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, they both enjoyed a knowledge of sins forgiven, and were striving to lead a holy life. Here also she enjoyed the privilege of being present at family prayer, a devotion she had hitherto never known, and listening to the prayers of these godly relations, would we are sure, have a beneficial effect

upon her mind; for by these alone she would learn the cardinal doctrines of our holy religion—her duty to God and man—for we are fully persuaded that no one could listen to the prayers of such a man as her uncle was without hearing these truths and being fully persuaded of their importance. Her uncle and aunt would, we are sure, do all in their power to bring their niece to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and whether she owed her conversion to their godly example and precepts, or not, we cannot tell, but we are confident they would have their effect and go a long way towards accomplishing this end. Methodism at Farnworth was very different to what it was at Ambleside. There was a flourishing society and the Established Church had not such an unlimited sway as it had at Ambleside; and the spirit of opposition was not visible as the Methodists were both as numerous and as wealthy as the Church party if not more so, and this may partly account for the difference of feeling manifested towards them. Fanny, in addition to her other advantages, attended the Sunday School, which was very numerously attended and one which was in every respect a credit to the officers and teachers. Here she was again exhorted to seek to have the love of God shed abroad in her heart and to flee from the wrath to come. Here she was told she was a sinner and that she needed a Saviour. Such teaching as this was new to her, not being accustomed to having these glorious truths taught to her before. She attended the Wesleyan Chapel in company with her uncle and aunt, where she heard a pure gospel proclaimed from Sabbath to Sabbath. These combined influences would tend to produce powerful impressions upon her mind, and it was not long before the good spirit of God

began to strive powerfully with her. After she had been at Farnworth about two years, her father, who had been an invalid for three years, died, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. She was deeply attached to him, and though not living at home, she felt that she had lost one of her best friends and a faithful adviser; he being passionately fond of his children and always ready to attend to their wants, so that they all loved him and when he was taken from them both mother and children felt that they had sustained an irreparable loss, but trusted in Him who hath said "I will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless." Soon after his death she began to feel anxious about her soul's salvation, and to be powerfully convinced that she was unfit for heaven; that although she was so young yet she needed a change of heart, and that she must be "born again" or she could never see the kingdom of Heaven. These convictions of sin were not transient and she was not aroused to this state of mind by hearing the terrors of the law sounded from the pulpit. Her conviction of sin was an intelligent one. She was fully persuaded that one thing she lacked and she determined at all cost to have that one thing. Well is it for the youth of Methodism that such are not left to grope their way alone;—if their state is known to any of the brethren or sisters there is always some kind friend who will take them by the hand and point them to Jesus as their only refuge; to Jesus as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world"—always some who will pray with and for them—some who have been to Jesus themselves and have been made happy, and so can the more effectually point others to the same source for pardon and peace. It was so in the present case. Many an

earnest prayer was offered up for her by her friends. Again and again was she exhorted to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and she should be saved—but for two long weary years did she seek that peace of mind which passeth all understanding. There is no way of accounting for this only that she must have been short of Faith, for

Soon as our all we venture,
On the atoning Lamb,
The Holy Spirit enters,
And we are born again.

The great difficulty with many is they cannot understand what Faith is; its very simplicity puzzles them. They expect some great work to be done, or that they must do something great as Naaman of old they want to be saved but they want it doing their own way; but the command to him was “go wash and be clean,” and the command to us is “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” This might be exactly her difficulty—but she was determined to seek until she did find the Saviour.

A revival of Religion had begun in the Sunday School and several of the young people had given their hearts to God and were made happy in his love. Special Services were held, and those who were anxious about their souls salvation were invited to the penitent form so that they might be the more directly pointed to Jesus. Fanny went up every night, and, on one occasion as she was going on her way, as usual, one of the leaders said, now Fanny be determined to have it this time, she replied I will, and in a short time she was enabled to rejoice in the pardoning love of God, and sing

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father cry.

She had laid hold of her Saviour by a living faith, and feeling that He had done much for her,—for which she was glad,—she consecrated herself to Him in return; and, by her consistent walk and conversation, it was evident to all that she was striving to lead a new life. She recommended her religion to others, and tried by every possible means to bring others to a saving knowledge of the truth. She was then about 17 years of age, and it required her to be very watchful and prayerful at such a critical age to keep her feet from wandering into the world again, and many a severe conflict had she with the tempter; but on such occasions she always went for help to the Throne of Grace, or if unable to retire for prayer when the enemy assailed her she began to sing the following well-known verse, which has put the tempter to flight many a time:—

Jesus the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

If my young readers who are similarly circumstanced would only follow her example and make known their requests to God, He will not suffer the evil one to gain the advantage over them, but will enable them to come off more than conquerors. The reason why so many of our youthful members fall is not because they have not been converted, but because they think they can keep themselves, and the consequence is that before they are aware of it, they have fallen from grace; and we also think that many might be kept from backsliding if they were better looked after by the older mem-

bers of society, and kindly spoken to and encouraged. Fanny would doubtless be greatly aided and encouraged by the wise counsels of her uncle and aunt, who would do all in their power to keep her in the good way. But she was soon to lose one of them, for her uncle, who had been like a father to her, and whom she had loved as such, was somewhat suddenly laid low by sickness, and on the 17th of March, 1857, the beloved and respected Thomas Hindley entered into rest; of whom it may truly be said he was a burning and shining light. He was not only loved by his own family and friends, but by most of the inhabitants of the place; and as a token of the respect in which he was held a beautiful marble tablet was placed in the new Wesleyan Chapel, Church-street, which was built about three years after his decease, and to which he had liberally subscribed, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
T H O M A S H I N D L E Y,
OF FARNWORTH.

In early life he became the subject of a Divine change, professing the Christian name; he exhibited the Christian character with unwavering constancy. By the working-classes, whose intellectual and moral improvement he laboured to promote, he was universally respected. As a member of general society he was equally esteemed. In the social circle he was beloved in proportion as he was known; whilst ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He was ardently attached to Wesleyan Methodism, as through its agency he was brought to God. He enjoyed its communion about forty years, and filled its lay offices with great efficiency. By his influence, character, and munificence the cause of Christ

has been laid under lasting obligations in this place. He died trusting in the mediation of Christ alone, March 25th, 1857, aged 58 years.

His friends and fellow-townsmen have erected this monument in testimony of their admiration and respect.

Soon after the death of her husband Mrs. Hindley removed to another house, and Fanny remained with her more like a companion, and was a great comfort to her in her declining years. About this time Fanny's work began in the Sunday school. She was appointed teacher of the lowest class of little girls. In this work she was earnest and diligent, and strove to lead these little ones to the Saviour. She believed that it was possible for even these little ones to be converted and to love the Saviour. This was always her aim to bring those committed to her charge to a saving knowledge of the truth. Her motto from the first seems to have been my class for Jesus, as many now can testify who have profited by her instructions, and who are treading the narrow way which leadeth unto eternal life. In addition to Sunday school teaching she was engaged as a tract distributor. She always regarded this as a labour of love, going out from week to week, in all weathers, and never, except in cases of sickness, would she neglect this duty. We have heard her say that many a blessed time has she had in going her round. She never failed to speak when an opportunity presented itself to those who received the tracts about their eternal welfare, and would often ask if she might engage in prayer, a request which was seldom refused her, and on such occasions she would pour out her soul in earnest supplication for God's blessing upon the household. She always referred to

these times with evident pleasure. She was also very bold in reproving sin; and when called to witness scenes of suffering and distress which had been caused by sin, she always felt it her duty to point out the dreadful consequences of living without God, and the certain doom of those who lived and died impenitent. While she was thus actively engaged for her Lord and Master she did not forget the work of God in her own heart. She was fully persuaded that the best qualification for usefulness is Holiness; and she set before her Him who left us an example that we should follow in his steps, and her daily prayer was that she might be made more like Jesus. She cultivated the habit of private prayer, and often subjected herself to rigid examination when no eye saw her but God's. She thus daily renewed her spiritual strength and was enabled to mount up as on the wings of eagles; to run and not grow weary; to walk and not faint. We have heard her say that she enjoyed this means of grace the best of any; and up to her last illness and death she retired once and sometimes oftner every day to engage in this exercise. She also took great delight in family prayer, a devotion which is always attended with God's blessing. Morning and evening this exercise was engaged in, her aunt conducting it one day and Fanny the next. O that the families of our land were all praying families! what a different generation the next would be if this was the case. Fanny used to visit Ambleside once a year, generally in company with her aunt; and these visits were always looked forward to with pleasure. While she was amongst her relatives and the companions of her childhood she never altered her course of life. She was never ashamed

to confess Christ, and was most anxious that her brothers and sisters should love the same Saviour that she did. To bring about this desirable end she never let an opportunity slip of recommending religion to them. No one enjoyed these visits more than her mother, who had been for some time a member of the society at Ambleside. She was at home on one of these occasions when she felt constrained to do something towards liquidating the debt which was on the Wesleyan Chapel at Ambleside. The Methodists were still few in number, and were poor and despised; so to go out and solicit subscriptions was no easy task, but she set about it in good earnest, and in a short time was able to hand over to the treasurer of the trust fund the sum of £10. This may seem to us to be a very small amount, but just then it was thought a very handsome contribution. Writing to a sister who had been plunged into deep sorrow by the death of her eldest child, a fine little fellow, who had been accidentally drowned in a stream which was swollen by heavy rains, and which was close to his home, she enclosed a copy of the following lines, saying these lines cheered me this morning, perhaps they may do you some good if I send you them. I write them from memory.

NATURE AND FAITH.

We wept; it was Nature wept.
 But Faith can pierce beyond the gloom of death;
 And in yon world so fair and bright,
 Behold Thee in refulgent light.
 We miss thee here, but Faith would rather
 Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
 Nature sees the body dead;
 Faith beholds the spirit fled;
 Nature stops at Jordan's side;
 Faith beholds the other side.

That but hears farewells and sighs,
 This they welcome in the skies :
 Nature mourns a cruel blow,
 Faith assures it is not so.
 Nature never sees thee more,
 Faith but sees thee gone before ;
 Nature tells a dismal story,
 Faith sees visions full of glory ;
 Nature views the change with sadness,
 Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
 Nature murmurs ; Faith gives meekness ;
 Strength is perfected in weakness.
 Nature writhes and hates the sod,
 Faith looks up and blesses God.
 Sense looks downward, Faith above ;
 That sees harshness, This sees love ;
 O let faith victorious be,
 Let it reign triumphantly.

How comforting these lines would be under such painful circumstances. A word spoken in season how good it is. It also shows that her trust and confidence was still unshaken in the allwise Providence of God. She had by this time become increasingly useful in the Sunday school. She had risen step by step, and we now find her teacher of the fourth female class, which was one of the most important classes in the school. It was composed of twenty young women of about sixteen or eighteen years of age—the most important period of their whole life ; for having come to the years of responsibility, they generally decide which course they will take. How it behoves the officers of our Sunday schools to place the most efficient teachers at their command to classes of this description—teachers who have the highest qualification of all the love of God shed abroad in their own hearts. Fanny entered upon this work with much trembling, but trusting in God for help and for wisdom, and believing that God helps those who help them-

selves. She always carefully prepared the lessons for the day, and asked for the blessing of God upon her labours. She linked her feebleness with God's omnipotence, and it was only by so doing that she was enabled to accomplish what she did. She made a practice of praying for her scholars one by one, and never let an opportunity slip of kindly speaking to them about their eternal welfare. It was for their conversion that she laboured; and though she was often discouraged and sometimes grieved at the treatment she received from some of them, yet in spite of every obstacle she persevered, and in time had to rejoice in reaping of the fruit of her labours. Towards the end of the year 1867 several of the young women in her class decided for Christ, and gave their hearts to God. Indeed there was quite a revival in the school, especially among the elder scholars, which was very encouraging to the teachers, and no one was more thankful than the subject of this memoir to see that they had not laboured in vain nor spent their strength for nought. An instance which occurred while she was up at the Communion-rail one Sunday night at the prayer meeting with one of her scholars will illustrate what we have before stated about the conduct of some of the scholars. On the afternoon of that Sunday she had been speaking very pointedly to her when the young girl replied in a very unbecoming manner. But her teacher's words had gone to her heart nevertheless, or very likely she would not have been found amongst those who were seeking mercy at the evening prayer meeting. As soon as she was made happy she sprang to her feet and threw her arms around her teacher's neck and asked to be forgiven for her conduct in the school that after-

noon. Fanny told her to ask Jesus to forgive her. The girl replied you know I love you teacher, and I know that what you said was right. How cheering such scenes would be to her. She did not, however, think that her work was done when her scholars had given their hearts to God. She knew from experience that they would need looking after, so she watched over them and encouraged them all she could by speaking to them personally at school, and whenever she met them in the streets. At other times she would invite them to her home; and not unfrequently wrote to them if they were needing advice. We insert one of such letters as a specimen:—

29, Church-street, Jan. 27th, 1868.

My Dear E———.

You will think it strange me writing again, but M——— said something about your being frightened at what I said on Saturday night, so I thought I had better tell you I had no intention of making you afraid. I know I used a strong expression about your doubting, but I hope you will all lift up your eye of faith to Jesus. I have just been having a good time upstairs, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Yes, and I have been praying for all my girls; and I read the 12th chapter of Hebrews. It is a grand chapter. "No, we are not come unto the mount that cannot be touched, but to Mount Sion, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." I cannot write it all, but just read it for yourself; and may God bless it to your soul as he has done it to mine. Praise His Holy name for what He hath done for us. Dear E—— can you doubt His love; come every day to the precious blood of Jesus; we want a daily washing; yesterday's blessing will not do for to-day. O that God may give you grace to stand firm unto death. Do you think, my dear girls, that He who has saved you and washed you in his own blood will leave you in the trying hour. No; He will never leave nor forsake you. Fear not, then, but keep trusting in the living God. Glory be to His holy name; He ever liveth to make intercession

for you and all his children ; then take to you the whole armour of God and you will come off more than conquerors through him that hath loved you. The devil will tempt you, but tell him to get behind you ; you have only to name the name of Jesus and he will fly. He does not like Jesus. No ; he hates him and all his followers. Then look up to the hill from whence cometh your help, and I will pray more earnestly for you if it be possible. I hope you will have a good time to-night. My love to S—— A—— and M—— A——. Your affectionate teacher,

FANNY HOLMES.

Who would not be benefited by reading such a letter. It does one good to read it now ; and many of those young girls will have cause to praise God throughout eternity for the help and encouragement they received at the beginning of their Christian career from their Sunday school teacher. The good work in the Sunday school went on for some time, and it was found desirable to form two new society classes ;—one for the young men, and the other for the young women connected with the Sunday school. A gentleman who had been a long time connected with the school and society, and in every respect well qualified to fill the office, was appointed leader of the class for young men ; and the subject of this memoir the leader of the one for the young women. When the Rev. J. D. Tetley made known to her the decision of the leaders' meeting she said she was sure they had made a mistake, and raised several objections, but he succeeded in convincing her that it was her duty to comply, and then she consented. We find on referring to her old class-book that she began with seven of the girls out of her Sunday school class ; and the number kept increasing till she had twenty-nine names on her class-book. It was no easy task to have the charge of so many young

females, and it required her to walk very circum-spectly. She often felt her own inability and the responsibility which rested upon her, but she went to the strong and wise for wisdom and strength; and it was remarkable what an influence she had over them for good. She was then at the height of her usefulness; every spare moment was occupied, she was constant in her attendance at the week-evening preaching and the public prayer meeting; and before going to any meeting or to school on Sundays, she always retired for a few moments to engage in prayer. The writer had, in the beginning of the year 1868, come to reside with his sister and aunt, and therefore he had opportunities of noticing her manner of life. The pleasures of the world had no charms for her; her sole delight was in doing good to the bodies and souls of those she came in contact with. She was firmly attached to the church of her choice. She had been benefited by Methodism, and she believed its doctrines, admired its discipline, and upheld its institutions as far as lay in her power. The two grand doctrines which characterised the preaching of the early Methodists, viz.: Free grace and sanctification she was a firm believer in; that Christ died for all, and that all may be saved, she believed was the doctrine of the New Testament; and also that it was possible to live without sin, or in other words, to enjoy the blessings of entire sanctification, which many of the early Methodists enjoyed. We do not say that she had attained to this state of grace, but it was her meat and drink to do the will of God. She lived in constant communion with him, and enjoyed his smile and favour. She was, however, shortly to experience a heavy trial. Her aunt, with whom

she had lived for fifteen years, had been partly an invalid for some years, but seldom so ill as to cause any anxiety to her friends ; but her end was drawing near, though to all appearances she was little different to what she had been for a long time. The writer remembers bidding her good by on his starting for a short visit to his mother, but little thought it would be the last time he would speak to him ; but so it was, for she was taken suddenly worse, and sank very rapidly ; and in Christmas week 1868, Mrs. Hindley fell asleep in Jesus. Her friends might have sung over her remains

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning here below ;
Go by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
To the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love,

Most keenly did Fanny feel this loss, and all the more so because it was so unexpected. She felt she had lost her most faithful friend ; but she did not sorrow as those who have no hope, but felt assured that all things would work together for good, and that one day they would meet where partings would be no more. The death of her aunt was a severe blow to her in another respect. As she had always intended when it did happen to remove to her native place, and she knew it would now be difficult to tear herself away from the friends she had formed, and especially from the work in which she was engaged. She, however, decided for the present to remain at Farnworth ; and the writer and another brother resided with

her. The Sunday school having been rebuilt and enlarged, and several separate vestries built for the upper classes; one of these was given to her class. She was pleased with this arrangement, as it gave her a better chance of speaking personally to the scholars, and occasionally having a prayer meeting when any were seeking mercy, and she made it a rule on taking possession of the vestry that one of them before the lesson was begun should give out a verse of a hymn and another pray for God's blessing upon them; and one afternoon in the month they held what they called their monthly prayer meeting, and those times were indeed times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and not unfrequently the means of deciding some wandering sheep to return to the fold of the Good Shepherd. The writer was her colleague at that time, and will never forget the showers of blessings that descended on that class. There were twenty-one names on the class list, and sixteen of them were members of the society. If the upper classes in our various schools all stood as well as this did at that time, then our Sunday school system would be accomplishing what it ought to do, and gain-sayers would never dare to say that it had been a failure. The following letter, which was sent to her Sunday school class while she was on a visit to her mother, will show the state of her mind at that time, and the great love she had for the work in which she was engaged.

Fair View, Ambleside, April 2nd, 1869.

My own dear Scholars,

I ought to have written to you before now, but I believe in the old saying "better late than never," and I have never ceased to pray for you, though I have been silent. No, my dear girls, I believe in the power of prayer. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous soul

availleth much. I have wondered many a time who was teaching you on a Sunday afternoon. You may get good from any teacher if you pray for them. How different we feel towards a person we pray for. O, my dear girls, let us have the same loving spirit that Jesus had. He wants us to be like him. Let us grow up unto Christ our living Head in all things. I have had many a happy time since I left you. God has indeed blessed me both in body and soul; and I believe you have been praying for me. Indeed I have no doubt, for I know you love me, and I am sure I love you, and shall never cease to love you, even when I am obliged to part from you; and I shall ever welcome any of you who may come to see me. But I will say no more about that now, it will be time enough I hope in months to come to talk about parting. I hope we shall have many happy times in our little vestry, and see more of our class born for glory. I often wonder if those who were seeking Jesus are seeking him yet, or if they have found him. I hope and trust they are now happy in the love of Jesus. It is worth all the world to know He takes us for his own. Oh! what a happiness is this. I was singing when I was out for a walk "My God the spring of all my joys." Is he not the spring of our very life. Yes; and he is our sun and shield. He will give grace and glory and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. I have really enjoyed myself since I came, the weather is so fine, and everything here is so beautiful. That verse has often been in my mind,

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stands dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Cannan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

I have been reading that beautiful Psalm "Bless the Lord O my soul," &c., and I feel it is the language of my soul. I pray, my dear girls, that you may have a very good day on Sunday; that God's Holy Spirit may shine on His blessed word, and make you all Israelites indeed, in whom there is no guile. I must conclude with my warmest love to all alike. I do not love one more than another, and I pray that we may be all of one heart and mind, and when we have finished our work on earth I trust we shall all meet around the Throne of God in heaven, and praise the Lamb for ever, who hath redeemed us and washed us

in his precious blood. Amen.—I am ever your loving teacher.

FANNY HOLMES.

And another, one which bears the same date, was sent to one of her scholars who had written to her, one who was also a member of her society class.

Dear M———

I was so glad to receive a letter from you. It did my heart good to know that you had not forgotten me, and to hear that you had such a good time on Tuesday night. I prayed that you might all be blessed, and get a lift by the way. I have prayed for you every day three times that God would keep you in the narrow way which leadeth unto eternal life. Dear M—— be a true follower of Jesus, ever let others see you are a child of God, seeking to be more like Jesus, for you know this will not always be our home. No; we are going to that happy land we often sing about, where we shall have no more trouble, no more pain, no more parting. "Oh that will be joyful when we meet to part no more." I shall be with you again I hope before long. I have been blessed many a time since I came. Sunday was a very good day. I went to a class meeting, and God did bless my soul. I pray that you may have a good time next Tuesday night. Give my love to all the members and to all enquiring friends.—I am ever your affectionate teacher,

FANNY HOLMES.

That there was great love existing between teacher and scholars is very evident from these letters, and if a teacher expects to succeed he or she must ponder the question "How can I win the affections of my scholars?" and if they secure this they may bye and by hope to win them to Christ. On writing to a sister and her husband soon after her return to Farnworth, and referring to a brother who had been recently married she says, "I hope they will be happy, but they cannot expect real happiness without God's blessing." I should not be very happy if I had nothing to feed on but what

this world can give; but I have a hope beyond the grave. And, dear sister and brother, I hope you don't forget me at the Throne of Grace. I don't forget you, my prayer is that God may give you His blessing. When writing to the same sister on another occasion she says, "The Lord has blessed me very much indeed, he has added twelve more to my class; we have twenty-nine in all, and they attend very well. There were twenty-three present last week, and twenty the week before. It would have done your hearts and eyes good to have seen them flock in nearly altogether; they seemed to have called upon each other. We had such a blessed time. The other Sunday night the Communion rail was full, and two had to go inside; and they did pray. I never saw such a many at one time in my life. Last Sunday was the school sermons, so we had no prayer meeting, but eight came with me and we had a prayer meeting in our kitchen. I have some of my girls, as I call them, nearly every night, so I have plenty of company to keep me alive."

To her mother she writes thus:—

November 12th, 1869.

My own dear Mother,

I will begin to-night and then you will be sure of your letter. I am quite well again, but I have not been out for a week. I have found the Lord to be nigh at hand and not afar off.

I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

He is to me as a hiding place from the wind; as a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Yes, my dear mother, He is my best friend; I can look up to him at any

time and he is ready to bless me. That promise often cheers me, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." He has promised to bless the upright in heart; and no good thing will he withhold from them. I expect to be able to go to chapel to-morrow, for I don't envy those who stay at home all the Sabbath-day. A day in his courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door keeper in the house of God than dwell in the tents of wickedness. I hope you are better, and will be able to go to class. While you are there I shall be trying to teach above twenty young women the way to the new Jerusalem. When we get into our vestry we sing in one voice, and then pray for the Spirit to enlighten our dark understandings; pray for him to open our eyes to see the light that shines so clear. But some of them are very hard; they seem past feeling. I feel as though we should have a good day to-morrow. I have prayed that we may. I went to hear them cry for mercy before I leave them; and I believe according to my faith so shall it be done. We often sing

Give me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

It most truly is the prayer of my heart. I shall have to stay at home to-night from the prayer meeting, as it is raining very fast. I like to go, and a good deal of rain would not keep me away if I had been fit to go; but as I have not been out yet I might take cold and have to stay in to-morrow, &c.—Your affectionate and loving daughter,

FANNY HOLMES.

It will be seen that the same spirit pervades the whole of these letters. She was fully devoted to the work of her Master, and seems to live in the spirit of that beautiful hymn

Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;

Superior strength may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

O may I still from sin depart,
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus to me be given;
And let me through Thy spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

She spent the Christmas of 1869 at Ambleside with her relatives, which was a great pleasure to her, not having been there at that season for sixteen years. She afterwards returned to Farnworth to make preparations for her final departure, an event which many of the young people had looked forward to with dread, for since the death of her aunt they knew her stay with them would not be very long. The officers and teachers of the Sunday school with which she had been connected so long felt that they were losing a valuable and useful teacher, one who had been a successful labourer amongst them, and they were anxious to present her with some token of their respect and affection, so at their Quarterly Teachers' Meeting, in a few appropriate remarks setting forth her worth as a co-labourer, and the great service she had rendered to the school as well as the loss the school would sustain by her removal, the chairman of the meeting presented her with a handsome Family Bible, assuring her that she would be followed by their sincere prayers for her future happiness. The society class of which she was the leader, also presented her with a beautiful silver-plated crewet stand. The writer was present on that occasion, and heard the members express their deep attachment to her, and not a few of them owned her as being the instrument of their conversion; and

when the time for parting came, all were bathed in tears. She left Farnworth in the month of March, 1870, and went to reside with her mother at Ambleside. There she attended a class meeting and occasionally the Sunday school, but did not make herself as useful to the society at large as she had done at Farnworth; the reason for this might be that she did not expect to remain long in the place. Her private life was much the same as it had ever been.

On the 28th of July, 1870, she was married at the Wesleyan Chapel, Ambleside, to Mr. William Barnett, of Windermere, at which place she then went to reside; and by her general christian deportment gained the respect of all connected with the small society there. She joined a class and taught for some time in the Sunday school; and we have no doubt her labour would not be in vain, as her object was always the same, "Winning souls for Christ," and the "Seed scattered there may be as bread cast upon the waters seen after many days." But whatever good she was the means of doing, or might have done, it was all soon to be cut short in death. The following letter is no doubt one of the last that she ever wrote. It was sent to one of the young women who was connected with both her society and Sunday school class at Farnworth.

Birch-street, Windermere, August 7th, 1872.

My dear M——

I received your carte on Sunday morning and I think it a very good one. I was very glad to see you, if it was only to look at you. You look well and happy, which I hope you are. I am glad also to hear that you are still in the same class, and going on to know the Lord more fully. We are in the army as we used to sing, and must fight until we conquer all the evil in our hearts.

I am happy to tell you dear M—— that I am going on as I used to do when I was amongst you, trying to live nearer to God every day. I am very happy, and expect to visit you sometime if I am spared. I cannot tell you the time, but you will soon get to know the time when it is fixed. I hope God will continue to bless you and keep you, and at last may we all meet where parting is no more. You have my prayers. I cannot forget to pray for you all at Farnworth. Give my love to your mother and accept my warmest love yourself.—I am ever your affectionate teacher,

FANNY BARNETT.

The hope she expresses in this letter of again visiting Farnworth was never to be realised, for in the Providence of God she was soon to be called to her reward. They removed into another house, where they expected to be more comfortable, but had only been a week in possession when, on the 31st of August, she gave birth to a son, and to all appearance would soon have been strong and well again, but on the Monday evening following she became seriously worse, and all that could be done for her seemed to be of no avail. Her mother and sisters were sent for from Ambleside, and as they stood round her bed on the Thursday night she said she had seen a vision. No doubt she had had a glimpse of the glories that awaited her, and added "O, you should have seen it!" The day following the doctor gave up all hope of her recovery, and when her mother told her this she replied, I shall be better soon. Her mother said yes, if it is the Lord's will you will get better; but you must try to give up all for him. Can you give up William (her husband) and the little boy? She replied yes; all for Jesu's sake. Glory to the bleeding Lamb. Then arranging them all around her and appointing each their place and forbidding them to touch her as it was not her that was suffering, but

Jesus, she began to repeat portions of several hymns, such as

Jesus I hang upon Thy word,
 I steadfastly believe;
 Thou wilt return and claim me Lord,
 And to Thyself receive.
 O, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb;
 The Lamb upon Calvary;
 The Lamb that was slain and that liveth again,
 To intercede for me.

And two lines from Pope's Ode,—

Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Then she gave out and sang

Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

Jesus, transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious Name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory:
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole :
 See there my Lord upon the tree !
 I hear, I feel, he died for me .
 O unexampled love !
 O all-redeeming grace !
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race !
 What shall I do to make it known
 What thou for all mankind hast done ?
 O for a trumpet-voice,
 On all the world to call !
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him that died for all !
 For all my Lord was crucified ;
 For all, for all my Saviour died !

After this she exclaimed, yes ; he saves to the uttermost. Yes ; I will trust him where I cannot trace him, and repeated part of a hymn beginning " Jehovah on His shining throne." Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Victory, victory through the Blood of the Lamb. I want to have a triumphant entrance, for the happy death of a Christian is a source of rejoicing. When speaking to a sister-in-law she said, " He has been keeping me here to speak to you." Jesus, O Jesus, we all have gone astray ever since we were born. You must be born again. Salvation is for poor sinners through the precious blood of Jesus. It is the blood of Jesus that will cleanse us from all sin. She asked them all to meet her in heaven and said, " You could go with me if it was the Lord's will." O what raptures ! Dying, dying, what is it to die ? Glory be to God. When speaking about her little boy she said she expected to have had to bring it

up for God, and in a few moments after exclaimed, "I never thought death was like this. You will never be happy till you come to Jesus, and never experience the full value of your religion till you come to die." O the music! You will all come, won't you! O tis joy! About this time a cloud seemed to pass over her spirit, and there was a terrible conflict and earnest pleading, but after a while she began singing

Jesus the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus the prisoners fetters breaks,
And bruises satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

Her countenance bespoke the triumph she had gained over the evil one. She prayed that God would comfort the hearts of her friends, and kept repeating verses of hymns and singing them, and tried to encourage them saying, "Dying; no it is not like dying; it is like passing out of one room into another." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God hath prepared for them that love him."

O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our heads.

True religion is above rubies. She made all her brothers and sisters promise to meet her in heaven, and told them not to fret when she was gone, as she could not fret for joy. After this she raised herself up and arranged them around her and

requested her husband and a brother-in-law to engage in prayer, which they did. She then said, I must go, and don't touch me or speak, but stand still and see the salvation of God. Then with arms uplifted she exclaimed at the top of her voice, "Glory to the bleeding Lamb; glory to the bleeding Lamb; glory to the bleeding Lamb;" and then

Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for one moment my Lord from my eyes.

Glory, glory, glory; Jesus is mine and I am His.

Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invincible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Single, yet undismayed I am;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

She then became calm for some minutes, but reviving again requested them all to take their places as before and said, I can go this way as well, and crossed her arms and said, "Now Jesus will that do." Yes, yes. O what raptures; O what music, what music; O the pain, the bliss of dying.

Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

Just as I am, waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come.

Take me, and bring my husband and my boy, my mother and all my brothers and sisters, and every one; may not one be left behind, for God hath bidden all mankind.

'Tis religion that can give,
 Sweetest pleasures while we live,
 'Tis religion must supply,
 Solid comfort when we die.

Which she repeated over and over again for some
 time, then she gave out and sang

Jesus, the Name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky,
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
 The Name to sinners given;
 It scatters all their guilty fear,
 It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace!
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim:
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his Name;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Also the following—

Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
 Illustrious as the sun;
 And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run:

Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
 Their light where'er they go;
 And heavenly influences shed
 On all the world below.

As giants may they run their race,

Exulting in their might ;

As burning luminaries, chase

The gloom of hellish night :

As the bright Sun of Righteousness,

Their healing wings display ;

And let their lustre still increase

Unto the perfect day.

After singing several others, such as

Vital spark of heavenly flame,

Quit, O quit this mortal frame, &c.

And

O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb !

I love the sound of Jesu's name ;

It sets my spirit on a flame,

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Then she opened her eyes which for some time had been closed, and looking round said, "What is to do?" Her husband said nothing is to do Fanny; and a sister said nothing, but asked her what was the matter, when she said where have I been? Her sister said yes, where have you been? She replied wait a minute and I will tell you. I have been in heaven, and I have been in hell, and the devil thought he would have me at my last moments when my strength was done, but Jesus was with me, and if you remember I sang "Jesus the name high over all," &c. And Jesus lifted me up in his arms, and all the devils flew back again, and Jesus kept lifting me up higher and higher, and when I looked down I could see all the devils and hear their teeth gnash, they were so disappointed they had not got me. And has Jesus really brought me back again to stay a little longer with you? Her mother answered yes; He will do what he thinks best with you. She replied yes, Lord, do what Thou seest best with me; make me a hewer of wood or a drawer of water,—anything

or nothing—only let me be thine. Glory, glory ! All day on Saturday she continued calm, and her friends thought she had had a change for the better, and began to entertain hopes of her recovery. About one o'clock on Sunday afternoon she requested that all who were in the house should come into her room. Her mother said she must have her medicine, but she said I must have nothing till this is over, it is of great importance, do what I tell you and you can wait upon my body afterwards ; you will see it will be all right in the end. When they were all in the room she said now are you all right, have you all faith, and asked each one separately that question. Just then the nurse entered the room, and she caught sight of her and said, I thought there was some one wanting ; it is nurse. Come nurse, you know that I love you, and Jesus loves you, have faith. Now then is all right Jesus ; now Jesus show thy child I am thine and thou art mine. Show me the right way. I would not do anything to grieve thee. She looked around the room and said there was something short ; he cannot pour out his blessing. It must be nurse that does not understand, and she urged her to have faith. She saw her husband weeping, and said to him it is you that keeps the blessing back. Dry up your tears and have faith in God ; and all of you plead with me. Her brother-in-law repeated the following verse—

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

She said yes, I can trust him when I cannot trace him. Praise God ; glory be to God ; victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb. Victory, victory.

Happy if with my latest breath,
 I may but gasp his name ;
 Preach him to all and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb.

She continued like this all the afternoon, and about four o'clock asked are you all there, every one of you. Now let us sing, and she sang the following verses—

Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
 Illustrious as the sun ;
 And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run :
 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
 Their light where'er they go ;
 And heavenly influences shed
 On all the world below.
 As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might ;
 As burning luminaries, chase
 The gloom of hellish night :
 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display ;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

And also—

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believers ears ;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fears.

And then the first part of Pope's Ode, which she seems to have been very fond of.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O the pain the bliss of dying !
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

She then began in the following strain: Glory, glory, glory ; victory, victory, victory, through the

blood of the Lamb, through the blood of the Lamb; Jesus, Jesus, as long as she could speak; and when they could not hear her voice her lips moved, her friends thought she was indeed dying, and they watched for her spirit departing. She laid in this state for about ten minutes, when she again revived, and said you can attend to my body now. After this she requested them all to leave the room except her sister J—— and told her to lock the door, and said now we will sing and you must help me.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!

She asked her sister to commence a tune, who with great difficulty did so, but she said there was a far better one than that, so she began one herself, and the sisters sang it; the one exulting at the nearness of heaven, and the other weeping at the thought of soon having to part with a loved one. Then they sang the next verse,

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Then they sang

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ears;
 It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fears.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

After this she gave her a more particular description of all she had seen, how she felt, and then said she might open the door and they all might come in if they thought proper. This sister remained with her during the night. The doctor on seeing her that evening said she was worse, so the remainder of her friends were sent for, among whom was the writer, who on receiving the intelligence, in company with another sister and brother-in-law and one of the young women out of her Sunday school class at Farnworth at once started for Windermere, and arrived on the Monday afternoon. She was perfectly sensible, and knew us all, but spoke very little. That morning they had another doctor's advice, and from the effect his medicine had upon her, her friends did not abandon hope ; but when both doctors met in the evening to consult they were of opinion that she could not live long, and on Tuesday afternoon she had a decided change for the worst, and then all hope was at once abandoned ; and her friends stood around her bed and waited for her release. She was suffering dreadfully, and her end seemed very near. The writer called her friends into an adjoining room, and requested every one to give her up into the hands of the Lord ; and he and a brother-in-law engaged in prayer, commending her soul to God, especially praying that he would give her a triumphant entrance into the world of spirits. This was about a quarter to six o'clock. Her breathing began to grow shorter ; the conflict was severe ; but it was short. Her last words were,

father, father, father; mother, mother, mother; glory, glory, glory; and without a groan her happy spirit returned to God who gave it; to join the company around the throne that no man can number; and to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever. Thus died Fanny Barnett, on Tuesday, the 10th of September, 1872, in the thirty-second year of her age.

O may we triumph, so
When all our warfare's past;
And dying, find our latest foe,
Under our feet at last.

In compliance with her own request she was interred in St. Mary's Church-yard, Ambleside, on the following Friday. As soon as the corpse was brought to the door the superintendent of the Sunday school at Windermere gave out the hymn beginning

Hark! a voice divides the day,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is our endless Rest.

Which was sung, and then her class leader engaged in prayer. Almost all the members of the society at Windermere were present and followed the corpse to Ambleside. A few of the members of society at Ambleside met the solemn *cortege* about three-quarters of a mile from the church-yard. The burial service was read very impressively by the Rev. Mr. Callender, of Brathay, after which the Rev. T. J. Mc.Cartney, Wesleyan Minister of Ambleside, gave out the 735th hymn in the Wesleyan hymn-book, commencing

Come let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize;
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.

He then gave a suitable address, and concluded by praying that all present might follow the departed so far as she had followed Christ, and that many might be baptised for the dead.

There is nothing in the life or death of the subject of this memoir but what all may attain to. She was a sinner, but a sinner saved by grace divine. In early life she chose God for her portion, made him the guide of her youth, and having once entered upon the good way she never looked back; she used her talents to glorify God, and she was made a power for good to those who came within the sphere of her influence. God is true to his word, "Them that honour me I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." O that we may catch the falling mantle of the departed, be baptised with the same spirit, actuated by the same motives, propelled onward by the same love to the Saviour, and be the means of winning many precious souls for Christ. If this end shall in any measure be brought about by the preceding sketch, the writer will be amply repaid, and God shall have the glory. O that each in the day of his coming may say

I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work
 Thou did'st give me to do.
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word
 Well and faithfully done;
 Enter into my joy, and
 Sit down on my Throne.